

THE NEW AVENGERS[®] 17

CIVIL WAR[™] II

EWING
MEDINA
VLASCO
ABURTOV



MARVEL



**NEW TECH.
NEW IDEAS.
NEW MISSION.**

THEY ARE...

THE NEW AVENGERS

Roberto Da Costa bought the villainous organization A.I.M. and transformed it into Avengers Idea Mechanics, a group dedicated to high-tech heroics and international rescue operations. They were tolerated by the international community... until they got on S.H.I.E.L.D.'s bad side and were forced to retreat to Avenger Base Two in the Savage Land.

Songbird, Roberto's secret triple agent, remained embedded in S.H.I.E.L.D. until a new Inhuman with the ability to see the future exposed her by predicting that she'd be at Roberto's funeral in a month--a prediction that seemed to come true when S.H.I.E.L.D. agent John Garrett shot Roberto in the head!

Meanwhile, the Maker fled his battle with the New Avengers to seek out a bigger target: the President of the United States! He plans to sell the President to the highest bidder to fund his scientific dominance of the world--and soon, the universe. With their intrepid leader gone, can the New Avengers hope to stop the Maker before he carries out his plan?

"I remember
it very *clearly*."

"I was standing in the heart
of the *last universe*, facing
a broken version of *myself*..."

"...and I asked
a *question*."

Who's
interested in a
weepy god?

"And I got
an *answer*."

ME.


Hmmm?

"And *then*..."

DID
YOU KNOW THAT
ONE *ACTUALLY* CAN
HOLISTICALLY ENJOY
PIZZA?

AND
IT COMES IN
SLICES!

"...God took me
to *pieces*."



"Well, not *God*. But the one whose power *made* this reality. The Demiurge, so to speak.
Owen Reece.

"If there *was* a God in the mix...he was *already* in chains.

"Anyway. The multiverse began *again*, and as Reece powered it *up*, he put a little *slice* of me in every slice of it.

"An *individual* me, walking, talking, plotting...but the *same* me. With the same *mission*.

"The *Holistic Man*. Stretching through all that is..."

Reece made a *choice*, you see. The *right* choice.

That *other* Reed--he's a *dreamer*. And maybe the universe *needs* its dreamers...

...but it *also* needs the people who make things *happen*.

THE MAKER.

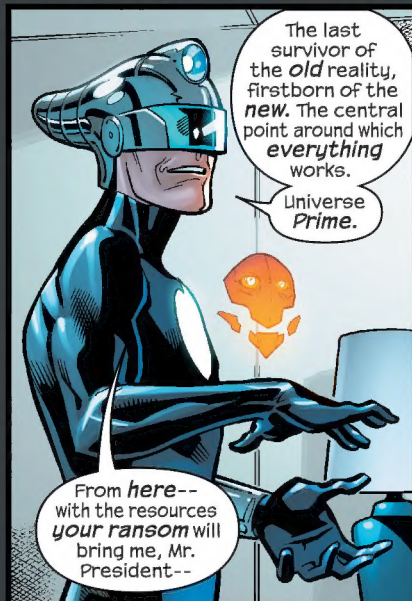
30,000 feet up, attempting to kidnap the President of the United States.



That's me.

And *this* universe is a very happening place, Mr. President.

THIS UNIVERSE?



The last survivor of the *old* reality, firstborn of the *new*. The central point around which *everything* works.

Universe Prime.

From *here*-- with the resources *your ransom* will bring me, Mr. President--



--I can *remerge* the multiverse. Reunite the slices. Create a *stronger* Eternity-- strong enough for the war that's *coming*.

So really... I'm the *hero* of this story.

REALLY?

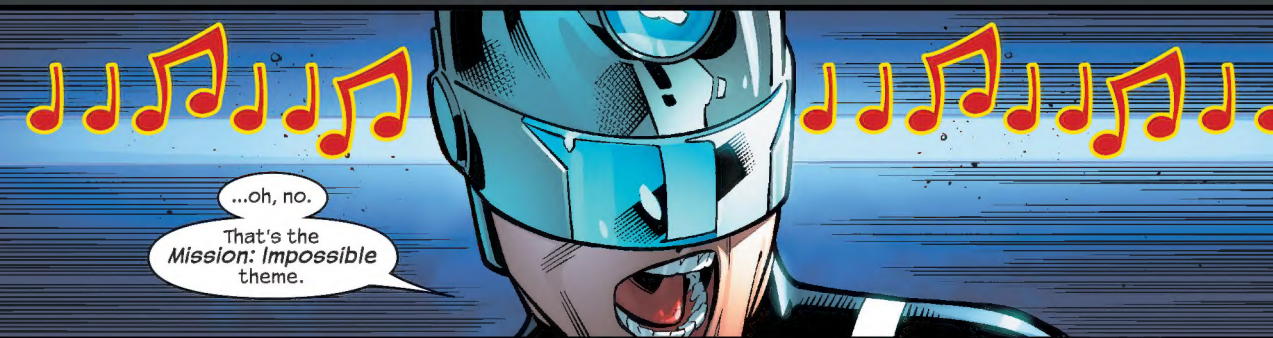


BECAUSE I THOUGHT THAT WAS ME.

MUSIC, PLEASE.

Your voice...

That's...



...oh, no.

That's the *Mission: Impossible* theme.



RIGHT
FIRST
TIME.

A.I.M. vs. S.H.I.E.L.D., **Part VI:**

IF YOU CHOOSE TO ACCEPT IT

AL EWING
writer

PACO MEDINA
penciler

JUAN ULASCO
inker

JESUS ABURTU with DONO SÁNCHEZ ALMARA
color artists

with DONO SÁNCHEZ ALMARA

DC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer JULIAN TOTINO TEDESCO cover artist ALANNA SMITH assistant editor

TOM BREUOORT editor AXEL ALONSO editor in chief JOE QUESADA chief creative officer

DAN BUCKLEY publisher ALAN FINE executive producer AVENGERS created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

FLASHBACK:

Weeks ago. The main W.H.I.S.P.E.R. Base.

What do you think about kidnapping the President?

...WHAT?

Just as a *Plan B* if the A.I.M. thing doesn't work out. Go after *Air Force One*, grab the head honcho and *sell* him.

Hydra would *drown* us in tech...

YOU-- YOU CAN'T JUST--

Don't tell me what I can't do, Brad.

You can't even steal a truckful of processors from *Tokyo* without getting caught.* Don't you sass me.

*AS SEEN LAST ISSUE. --TOM

UH... TH-THANKS AGAIN FOR BUSTING ME OUT OF JAIL, SIR...

AND NOT DISSECTING ME...

Mm.

Can I ask you a personal question, Brad? Answer truthfully.

Have you even washed your jumpsuit since then?

UM...

Brad, you're killing me here. Come on.

This is meant to be a *sterile* environment.



HEH.

ROBERTO DA COSTA.

Used to be "Sunspot." Now A.I.M. Supreme Leader. Always two steps ahead.

Do you know how many germs are living in a holding cell toilet?

God knows what's clinging to you...

**FLASHBACK II:
LAST ISSUE.**

Where Paibok and
Hulkling went.

**PAIBOK THE
POWER SKRULL.**

All the powers of some
of the X-Men.

WH
OK
K

YOU
CANNOT
DEFEAT
ME!

IN MY
UNIVERSE, I AM
THE ANOINTED SUPER-
SKRULL OF THE ENDLESS AND
BOUNTEOUS SKRULL-TERRAN
CONFEDERACY--

THA-KROOM

--AND MY JOB IS
TO END HYBRID TRASH
LIKE YOU!

YEAH?

WELL,
I KNOW THE
SUPER-SKRULL--
I'VE BEATEN THE
SUPER-SKRULL--
AND GUESS
WHAT?

YOU'RE
NO SUPER-
SKRULL!

HULKLING.

Shape-shifting superhunk.
Really has beaten the
Super-Skrull.

JERK.

SO,
ROBERTO...YOU
WANT TO TELL ME WHAT'S
SO IMPORTANT YOU CALLED
IN THE MIDDLE OF A
FIGHT?

WELL,
IT'S LIKE THIS,
TEDDY.

I'M
GOING TO
HAVE TO STEP
OUT FOR A
WHILE...

...AND
I NEED A
FAVOR.



**NOW. AVENGER
BASE TWO.**

An army of brainwashed Dum Dum Dugan LMDs are attacking the New Avengers. Their first casualty:

ROBERTO!



GET HIS GUNS--

YOU MURDERED HIM! IN COLD BLOOD!

POWER MAN.

SONGBIRD.

I EXECUTED A TERRORIST CULT LEADER.

GUESS ULYSSES' PREDICTION CAME TRUE, HUH? IF WE LET YOU GO TO THE FUNERAL, ANYWAY.



HNN!

NAAHH--

PERSONALLY, I SAY JUST DUMP THE MUTIE'S CORPSE IN A LANDFILL.

APPARENTLY THAT'S "RACIST" NOW.

SHHZZAKK

JOHN GARRETT.

Robot body with built-in weapons. S.H.I.E.L.D. agent in charge of anti-A.I.M. operations. Kind of a creep.



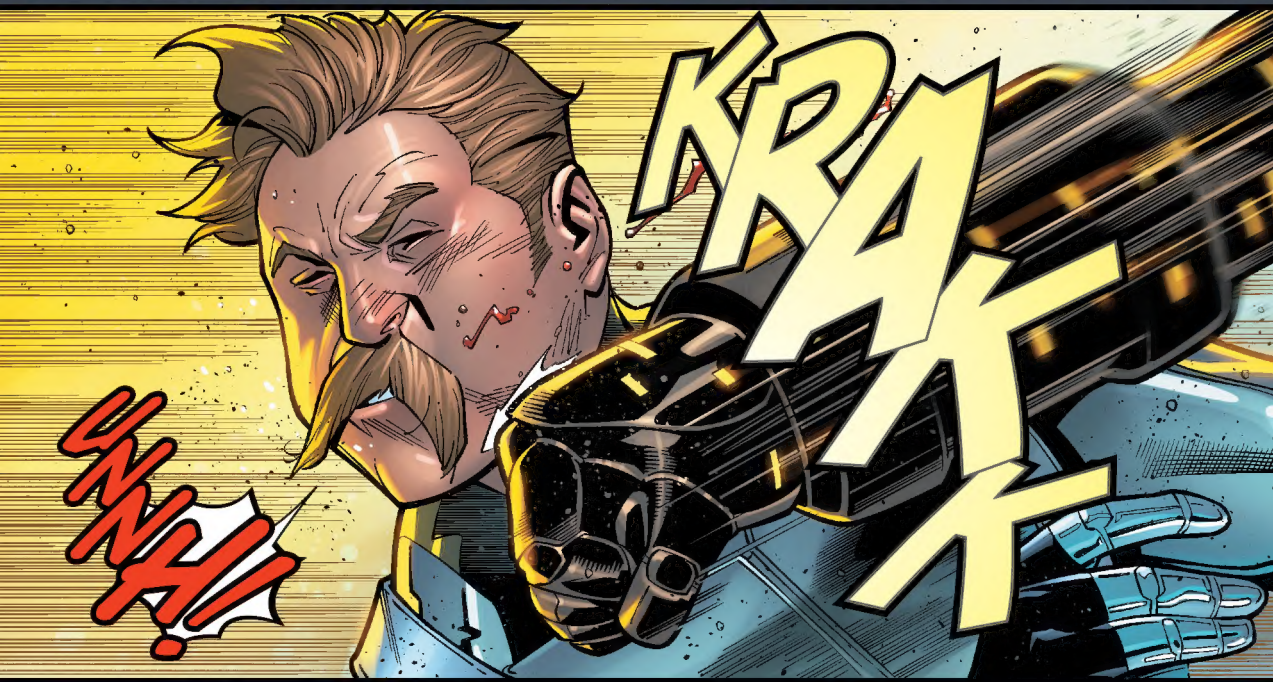
YOU'VE **ALREADY** CROSSED THE RED LINE WITH ME, GARRETT. SHUT THIS DOWN. NOW.

EITHER YOU DROP YOUR **GUNS** AND SHUT YOUR **MOUTH**-- ASSUMING THAT IS WHAT YOU TALK OUT OF--

--OR I'M TAKING THEM ALL AWAY.

WICCAN.

All-New New Avengers leader. Reality warper. Not someone you want to tick off...





NO!

I--
I KILLED YOU!
I SHOT YOU IN
THE HEAD--

YEAH, AND
THAT REALLY
HURT.

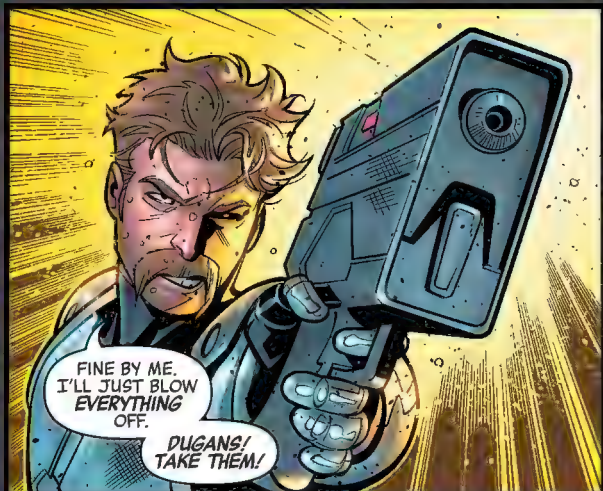
LUCKY
FOR ME--

I
KNEW
IT.



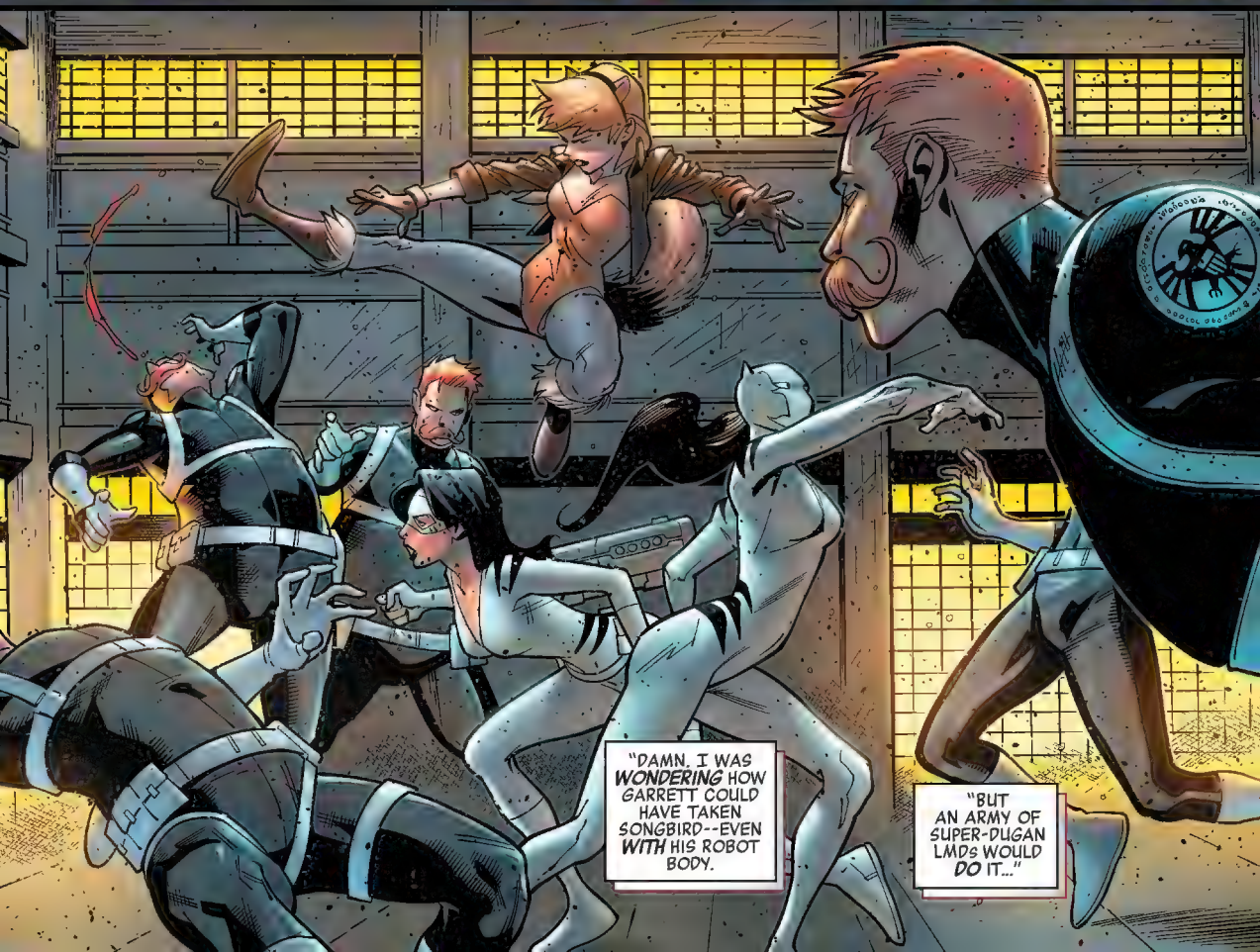
--I DON'T
KEEP ANYTHING
IMPORTANT
THERE.

FIRST
RULE OF
SHAPE-SHIFTING--
HIDE YOUR
BRAIN.



FINE BY ME,
I'LL JUST BLOW
EVERYTHING
OFF.

DUGANS!
TAKE THEM!



"DAMN, I WAS
WONDERING HOW
GARRETT COULD
HAVE TAKEN
SONGBIRD--EVEN
WITH HIS ROBOT
BODY.

"BUT
AN ARMY OF
SUPER-DUGAN
LMDs WOULD
DO IT..."

AIKKU JOKINEN.

Ex-pilot of the now-deceased sentient "Pod" armor.

DR. TODINO.

Triple doctor. Piloting self-made Rescue armor.

WE--WE SHOULD GO THERE. FIGHT.

WE HAVE LOST TOO MUCH ALREADY--NOBODY ELSE MUST GET HURT--

TRUST ME, THAT'S NOT THE PLAN HERE.

I'VE BEEN STUDYING DUGAN FOR ALMOST A YEAR-- SINCE HE BECAME OUR S.H.I.E.L.D. LIAISON WAY BACK WHEN--

--AND HE CAN'T BE FOUGHT.

BECAUSE EVEN IF YOU CAN TAKE HIM DOWN--A SUPER-LMD, LOADED WITH ALIEN-HUMAN HYBRID TECH--

"--THERE ARE MORE OF HIM WHERE THAT CAME FROM."

PART

OF

THE

TEAM

"ONE CONTROL SIGNAL, BROADCAST TO HUNDREDS OF BODIES..."

DAMN IT. I WAS HOPING IT WOULDN'T COME TO THIS.

AIKKU--I'VE BEEN KEEPING A SECRET FROM YOU. FROM EVERYONE.

THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO CAN STOP DUM DUM DUGAN. ONE PERSON WHO CAN STOP ALL THIS...

"...WE JUST HAVE
TO GET HIM
TO DO IT."

Bravo.
Little Bobby
No-Powers got over
his *M-Pox* cough long
enough to save the
President.

You think it's
over? W.H.I.S.P.E.R.
wasn't a *building*.
It's not something
you can just
blow up.

It's an
organism--intricate
and autonomous. All I
did was set it in motion
and bask in the
adulation.



The *true*
W.H.I.S.P.E.R.
has plans to make
even *my* head
spin.

Ever hear
of *Nadia Pym*?
You *won't* have--not
until it's *too late*.



And that's just *one* piece
of my jigsaw.

You think
you're ahead of the
game? Your little mind
couldn't comprehend one
facet of my thinking,
Da Costa.

You
think stealing
Air Force One
puts you on
my--

OH, I
DIDN'T STEAL
AIR FORCE
ONE.



What?

The--
the *walls*--the
security people--
they're--

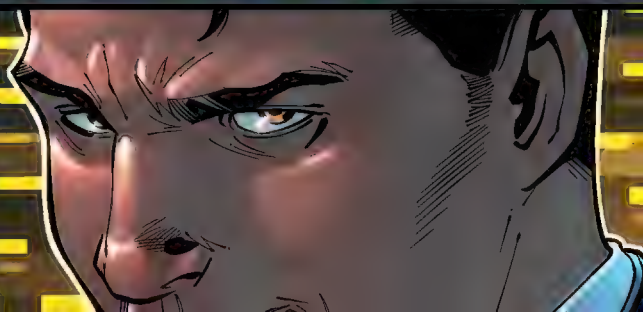
NOT *REAL*.
ALTHOUGH THEY DID
FALL OVER VERY
CONVINCINGLY.

A *BRAVURA*
PERFORMANCE BY
THE BEST ACTOR
I KNOW.

CUE THE
MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE
THEME.

ALL
OF THIS IS
JUST A MASK
TO PULL OFF,
MAKER.

WORN BY A
VERY SPECIAL
FRIEND OF
MINE...





AFFIRMATIVE!

SELFENEMYMAKER
THINKS SELFRIENDS CAN'T
COMPUTE SELFENEMY'S
THINKING?

COLLOQUIAL
STATEMENT: BACK ATCHA,
CREEP!

WARLOCK.
Technorganic shape-shifting
alien teenager. Beloved by all.



This damned
reality...

Omnitronicus!
You're in his
system--

IN A
SYSTEM WARLOCK
MOCKED UP IN HIS
BIO-CIRCUITRY
SPECIFICALLY TO
CAGE HIM.

IT'S NOT
HOW MANY PLANS,
SCHEMES, AND FAKE-OUTS
YOU HAVE, MAKER. IT'S
HOW GOOD YOU ARE
AT IT.

AND IT
TURNS OUT... I'M
THE BEST.



FOR
EXAMPLE--
EVERYONE THOUGHT
I DIDN'T HAVE MY
POWERS ANYMORE.
INCLUDING
YOU.

GUESS
WHAT?



IT'S
KIND OF THE
OPPOSITE.



FAKE-OUT.

WHAAAMMM



OH, WE
DROPPED SOME
MISDIRECTION TO
FOOL PRYING
EYES.

AND IT'S
NOT LIKE I *USE* MY
POWERS SINCE I GOT SICK--
UNLESS I REALLY, TRULY
HAVE TO.

SEE,
THANKS TO THE
M-POX...

...THERE'S
A *COST*.

BUT YOU
KNOW WHAT? I'LL
HAPPILY TAKE A YEAR
OFF MY LIFE--OR
TWO--

OR, OKAY,
FIVE--

Aaarrhh--

--IF IT
MEANS TAKING
YOU DOWN FOR
KEEPS.

WARLOCK--
SET COURSE FOR
THE *UNITED STATES*.
TELL THEM WE HAVE THE
MAN WHO FORMED
W.H.I.S.P.E.R. IN
CUSTODY...



"...AND RIGHT NOW I DON'T TRUST S.H.I.E.L.D. WITH HIM."

THAT'S IT! KEEP 'EM ON THE ROPES!

WE FIGHT TO THE LAST ROBOT!

PART OF THE TEAM.

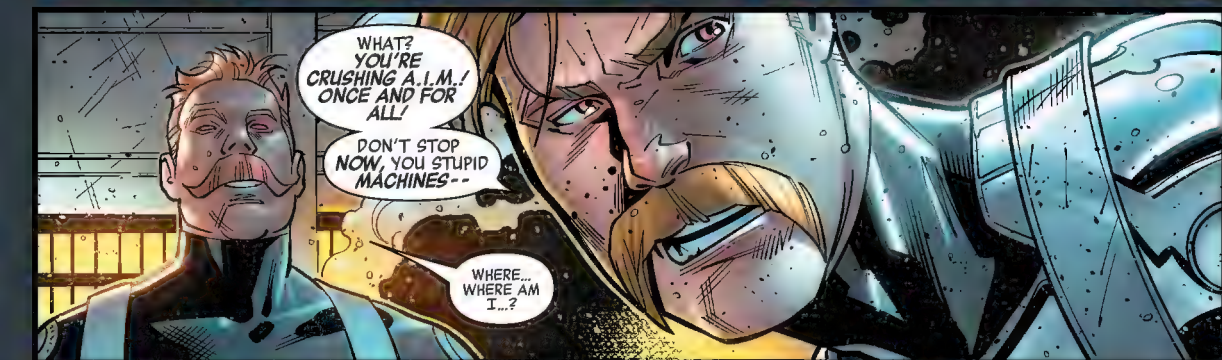
PART OF THE--



OF THE...

WH... WHAT...WHAT AM I...

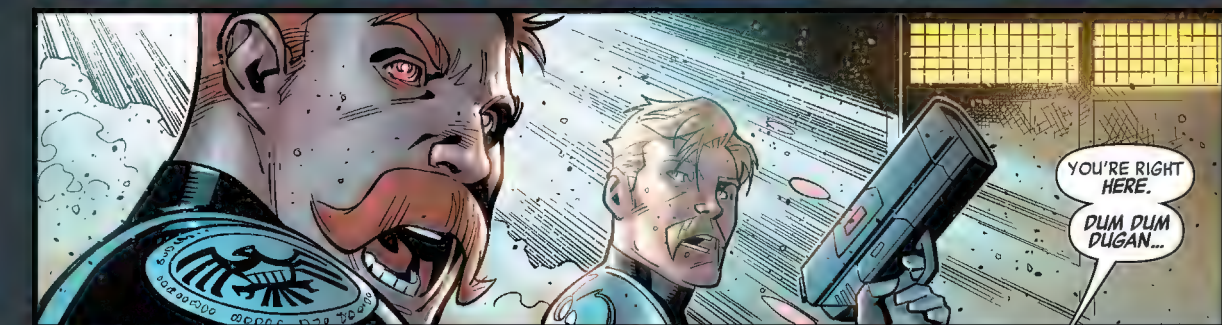
DOING...?



WHAT? YOU'RE CRUSHING A.I.M.! ONCE AND FOR ALL!

DON'T STOP NOW, YOU STUPID MACHINES--

WHERE... WHERE AM I...?



YOU'RE RIGHT HERE.

DUM DUM DUGAN...



...MEET
DUM DUM
DUGAN.

THE REAL
ONE.

I'M SO
SORRY.



THAT'S
MY BODY...

HIS--
YOUR--WOUNDS WERE
FATAL. BUT NICK FURY
PUT THE BODY IN **SUSPENDED
ANIMATION**--PRESERVED
THE LAST GLIMMER
OF LIFE.

THEN HE
BROADCAST YOUR
MIND TO A HOST OF
SUPER-LMDs, AND...
YOU KNOW THE
REST.



YOU KNEW YOUR MIND IS
**BROADCAST FROM A CENTRAL
SOURCE**...WELL, THIS IS
IT. IT'S YOU.

AND WE CUT
THE **SUPER-WIFI**,
SO YOU'RE GETTING A
STRICTLY **LOCAL**
SIGNAL RIGHT
NOW.

THAT CUTS
GARRETT'S
TAMPERING OUT
OF THE LOOP
AS WELL--



OH, YEAH. I
REMEMBER.

GARRETT.

DUGAN--I--
I DIDN'T **KNOW**
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE JUST A--A
ROBOT--

IT WAS
FOR THE GOOD OF
S.H.I.E.L.D.--

WRONG.

**THIS IS
FOR THE GOOD OF
S.H.I.E.L.D.!**



WHAAMM



D-D-DUGANN--
I C-C-CAN
EXZZPLAIN--

I'LL BET
GET READY FOR
THE PERFORMANCE
REVIEW OF A LIFETIME,
YA LITTLE
RODENT.



DUM DUM...
I...

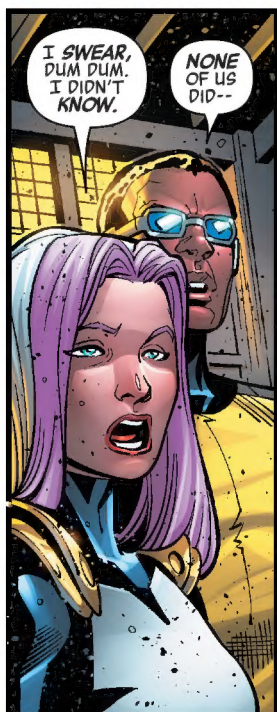
AND YOU
CAN SAVE IT
TOO, MELISSA. YOU
GOT WHAT YOU
WANTED.

I'M CALLING A
CEASEFIRE.

BUT I JUST
FOUND OUT I'M
ALIVE. ALL THIS TIME,
I WAS THE REAL ME.
MY MIND IN A
PROSTHETIC
BODY.

AND NICK
FURY--MY BEST
FRIEND--LET ME
GO THROUGH HELL
INSTEAD OF JUST
TELLING ME THE
TRUTH...

...AND
SO DID
YOU.



I *SWEAR*,
DUM DUM.
I DIDN'T
KNOW.

NONE
OF US
DID--

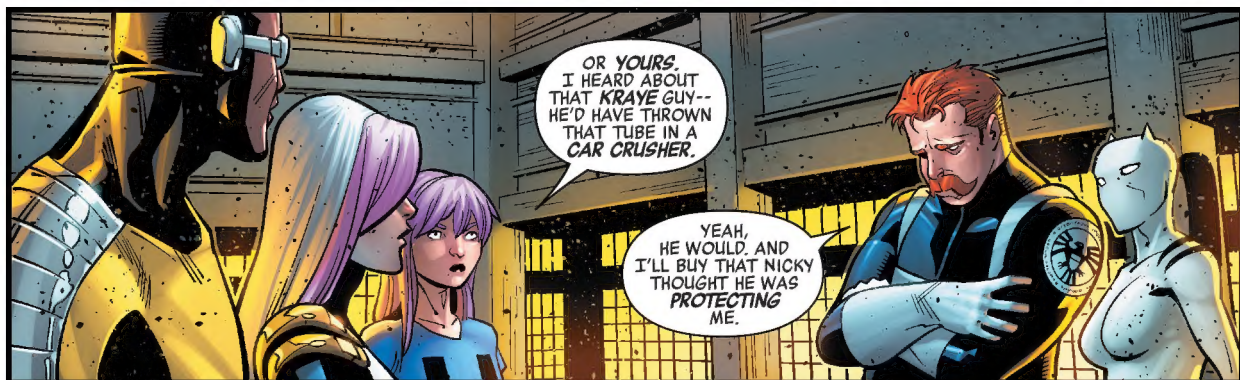


THEY'RE
TELLING THE TRUTH.
IT WAS JUST ME AND
MAX.

WE WORKED
IT OUT AFTER WE
MET YOU. AND WHILE
S.H.I.E.L.D. WAS LOOKING
FOR YOUR *SIGNAL*, YOUR
TECH--WE WENT
LOOKING FOR
YOU.

AND...
WE FOUND
YOU.

I'D
GUESS *FURY*
DIDN'T WANT HIS
ENEMIES DOING
THAT...



OR YOURS.
I HEARD ABOUT
THAT *KRAYE* GUY--
HE'D HAVE THROWN
THAT TUBE IN A
CAR CRUSHER.

YEAH,
HE WOULD. AND
I'LL BUY THAT NICKY
THOUGHT HE WAS
PROTECTING
ME.



STILL
DON'T MAKE IT
RIGHT, THOUGH,
DOES IT?

WE--WE
DID WANT TO
TELL YOU, BUT--
ROBERTO
SAID--

ROBERTO
DA COSTA. WELL,
DOESN'T THAT
JUST FIGURE.



I THINK
HIM AN' ME NEED
TO HAVE SOME
WORDS.

SO
WHERE IS HE
NOW?

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

And what's this cell made of? Brashear-tech? Max's stuff, right?

A new application, though.

1:09:20.891 AM

Dimensionally-opaque force-fields-- so I can't get out, or bring anything in.

Do you honestly think that can stop me? W.H.I.S.P.E.R. is alive now. It can move on its own.

And it'll come for its Maker...

YEAH, YEAH.

YOU CALL **THAT** A MAD SCIENTIST?

GENERAL ROBERT L. MAVERICK.

Arm-wrestles mad science twice daily and loves it.

I'VE SEEN Madder science in my daughter's **SCHOOL FAIR**, son. And I ain't impressed by you, either.


SO YOU'RE A BAD ENOUGH DUDE TO SAVE THE **PRESIDENT**-- SO WHAT? I WRITE MY OWN NAME IN EVERY FOUR YEARS.

YOU MADE **JOHN GARRETT** LOOK STUPID? HIS **MUSTACHE** GOT THERE FIRST. IT'S **PITIFUL**.

YOU WANT TO **DEAL**? WANT YOUR PEOPLE IN FROM THE **COLD** WITH A BACKRUB FROM **UNCLE SAM**?

WE NEED **MORE** FROM YOU, FELLA. WE NEED THE **BIG CRAZY**.

AND WHAT'S **BIGGER** AND **CRAZIER** THAN **A.I.M.** VS. **S.H.I.E.L.D.**, YOU ASK?



HOW ABOUT...
A.I.M. VS. A.I.M.?

EVERY ITERATION.
EVERY *SPLINTER GROUP*.
EVERY *YELLOW JUMPSUIT*--
GONE. IN JUST 24
HOURS.

STARTING
HERE--STARTING
NOW. SIT BACK
AND WATCH,
GENERAL...

...BECAUSE THE
GRAND FINALE
IS ABOUT TO
BEGIN.

TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT ISSUE:



R.I.P. NEW AVENGERS!